[](http://www.google.com.au/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=we+are+going+kath+walker+poem&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&docid=9zLLodSVuzxSOM&tbnid=jTliVQXcjDlniM:&ved=0CAUQjRw&url=http%3A%2F%2Findigenousrights.net.au%2Fperson.asp%3FpID%3D988&ei=jD__Ufy2CYSVkwWSyIGABw&bvm=bv.50165853,d.dGI&psig=AFQjCNGhEV6afCN-9BFWzabj5I4olNngYg&ust=1375768818289062)Oodgeroo Noonuccal (Kath Walker)

**Municipal Gum**

Gum tree in the city street,  
Hard bitumen around your feet,  
Rather you should be  
In the cool world of leafy forest halls  
And wild bird calls  
Here you seem to me   
Like the poor cart-horse  
Castrated, broken, a thing wronged,  
Strapped and buckled, its hell prolonged,  
Whose hung head and listless mien express  
Its hopelessness.  
Municipal gum, it is dolorous  
To see you thus  
Set in your black grass of bitumen—  
O fellow citizen,  
What have they done to us?